

Singing in the Rain

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Summary: Jeanne was never one for the 'designated driver' role, and yet here she is, quote on quote "steering" her umbral sister through the streets of Vigrid.

Singing in the Rain

Jeanne was never one for the 'designated driver' role, and yet here she is, quote on quote "steering" her umbral sister through the streets of Vigrid.

The walk wouldn't have been as unpleasant as it was had she been as tipsy as Cereza was. Jeanne has, much to her distaste, been victim to a drunk Cereza too many times to count on her ten fingers (and maybe her left toes), but not normally was she completely sober while her friend was inebriated. After their defeat of Jubileus, an invite to a Miami party or an awards ceremony gathering in New York City was not uncommon. And at every party, Jeanne almost always found herself drinking past shitfaced; maybe even a bit moreso than Cereza on some occasions. However, this one time in particular has been a very uncomfortable, sober walk home.

A very not dry experience.

Cereza seems to love it (and of course she would, she's drunk out of her mind). A thick oversized gray sweater bought at the local LA tourist shop that reads 'I 3 Cali' on the front covers her usual skintight hair suit. Her hands are outstretched, and her mouth is open almost as if she enjoys the cold droplets of rain pounding on her clothing. The black-haired witch faces the sky with a challenging smile as drop after drop slides down her tongue.

Jeanne, on the other hand, practically despises the rain and avoids being immersed in any rainstorm as if it were the plague. Her hands wrap around her torso as she coddles herself for warmth, teeth

shivering, back slouched over in a feeble attempt to hide her face from the night sky. Her make up is running slightly down her right eye in a fashion uncanny to a clown, but Cereza pretends not to notice.

"Come, dear, live a little," says Cereza as she turns her head to the shivering white-haired woman. Her black hair is covered in tiny little dew-drop looking manifestations, glittering against the moonlight. Cereza's stormy gray eyes show slight concern as she glances at Jeanne, the other woman hunched over, clearly uncomfortable in a blanket of water, but the show of empathy goes unnoticed.

"When does it ever rain in Los Angeles?" Jeanne rambles to herself.
"Why of all nights did the Gods choose now?"

Cereza gives a beguiling grin to her partner and waltzes over. They're about 5 steps away from one another, but with each clink of the black-haired woman's boots, the tension that filled the air only thickened. Cereza is up close now, and she places her delicate hands atop Jeanne's shoulders. She glides them along the tops of Jeanne's trapezius, up the length of her taut neck, and finally caresses the white-haired witch's shapely chin. Cereza leans in haphazardly, and Jeanne smells the alcohol in each breath but decides to ignore it because she is so warm right now, so so warm. Cereza is wearing higher heels this night, and so her face stands slightly above Jeanne's, and her back is bent so she can reach Jeanne's ear.

Cereza whispers lightly, "are you okay?"

It's not that the gesture of concern is necessarily out of character; Jeanne has no trouble believing this is the way Cereza would show her worry, with enigmatic touches and fiery eye contact and husky ear whispers. However, Jeanne still holds her breath as the words flow out of the taller woman's plump lips, because it wasn't at all what she expected to hear.

She doesn't know how to respond. Cereza is pushed up against her, hands still ensconcing her face, fingers tickling her rosy cheeks, and her hot breath sparks warning signals in Jeanne's head. She knows this is dangerous. Cereza is drunk. Jeanne knows whatever Cereza is doing is driven by too many shots of vodka. Whatever is going on right now, whatever this budding feeling is at the very bottom of her stomach, it's not real.

So she pushes her away with a shove akin to a small child. She notices that her hands had dropped from their original position around her chest while Cereza was close to her, and so she promptly puts them back in place. She scolds herself; how could she be so unguarded?

How could she have gotten so lost in this woman's touch?

Cereza isn't offended at the woman who had rejected her. She still smiles like normal, still as charismatic and charming as always, and she walks past Jeanne with a rich woman's swagger.

"What is it, Jeanne?" she asks when she's a good 5 steps away again.
"Afraid to get a little wet?"

Jeanne scoffs and moves a soaked piece of hair from her face to her ear. "I'd prefer to be indoors before you start flirting with me."

She laughs, and it's beautiful, the sound wrapping around Jeanne like a warmth-filled memory, and for a minute, the white-haired woman thinks that the only sun she needs is Cereza's laughter. She pushes the thought away as the source of the laughter speaks.

"Flirting?" Cereza asks incredulously, not daring to look behind herself. "I'd like to believe I'm above flirting like a 16 year old schoolgirl." She drags the word 'above' out like a rubber band stretched far past its capacity. Her long, shapely legs continue to walk not at all in a straight line, and... no, she was definitely NOT staring at Cereza's legs.

"You need to get home, Cereza," says Jeanne as she closes her eyes and rubs the bridge of her nose.

"Jeanne," Cereza replies earnestly. "I'm not that drunk."

"You are." Cereza wouldn't have done that... endeavor, had she been in her right mind. The hand that pinched her nose unconsciously gravitated towards her right ear where Cereza had whispered.

"No, I'm not," replies Cereza adamantly. She chuckles right after, and trips up on herself just a little, and anybody but Jeanne wouldn't have noticed the slip up. "I'm only tripping because of the rain."

It was like arguing with a child. Jeanne rolled her eyes.

(line break)

She's got a raging headache, but she hadn't even drank that much.

She remembers what she told Jeanne, "I'm only tripping because of the rain," but not too much prior to that. She remembers directly after that, though, when Jeanne decided to pick her up and carry her through the rain after her fourth fall to the ground as though they were in the Notebook. She remembers being nuzzled against Jeanne's heart, being bridal-styled through Vigrid, she remembers it all. She just doesn't remember anything before that.

She groans loudly and realizes she's in Jeanne's bed. Out of context, that may sound a bit odd, however Bayonetta had grown accustomed to sneaking in with the platinum blonde, claiming her reasoning for this was because the covers were warmer and the mattress wasn't as squishy; an innocent half-truth. Nothing ever transpired between them, anyway, and one would think that at least something would happen when they were literally sleeping in the same bed. Bayonetta could practically feel the pulse of Jeanne's veins every time she tried to pull something while snuggled under the covers together. It was always the same response, "not tonight," and Bayonetta couldn't help but wonder when that night would be. She wasn't a sit-down-and-wait kind of person; she's much rather dive right in. This waiting game wasn't her forte.

She tried to reposition, bouncing around on Jeanne's mattress, but

couldn't quite find a comfortable position. The blankets were all over the place, sheets tangled up between her legs, pillows hot and uncomfortable. She tensed visibly when she realized a small coughing storm was erupting from the bottom of her lungs; she must've gotten sick after trudging through the pouring rain for nearly half an hour. More pain in her head from the increased pressure. So much hurt and discomfort.

She realized Jeanne wasn't actually in the bed with her, which wasn't hard to believe considering said woman was an immaculate early bird. She also realized that with the absence of Jeanne, this blasted bed wasn't nearly as comfortable as it normally was. As she dragged her calves to the foot of the bed, clumsily shoving the covers off her body, she pulled open a drawer on her side of the bed and popped two dry aspirin into her mouth. She then proceeded to walk out of the room when she realized she'd never be able to catch a few z's in such an uncomfortable bed. She planned to venture towards her own living space, the one she was supposed to be sleeping in, to get a fresh change of clothes. As of now, she seemed to be wearing some kind of weird gray tourist's sweater and nothing else. I 3 LA. Not her style. Jeanne must've picked it out to keep her warm in the rain.

She was surprised, however, to see that Jeanne was not up and running on a morning hike or at a yoga class, but rather sleeping in Bayonetta's own bed. The white-haired woman was sprawled out against the queen sized bed starfish style, wearing comfortable looking diamond patterned pajamas, slippers, and a lavender sleeping mask. Carrying a fully sized grown adult must've taken a toll on the blonde. Bayonetta smiled to herself at the image, and decided to close the gap between her and the bed. Moving Jeanne's arm out of the way, she hopped in on the left side of the bed, covered herself under the blankets warmed by body heat, and closed her eyes.

Ah, comfortable at last.

(line break)

BAYO X JEANNE MY BABIES THANK U FOR READING. i appreciate any criticism or comments you have! reviews are very thoughtful :)

End
file.